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Sidney Lanier
The Musician

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Sidney Lanier

*Musician, Poet
Soldier*

by

E. DOROTHY BLOUNT LAMAR



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FOREWORD

DESPITE the many literary lights that have shone in the Southern firmament of writers, there is still a widely believed theory that Southern literature is made up entirely of negro dialect stories and coon songs. What Thomas Nelson Page, Harry Stillwell Edwards, and Frank Staunton of latter days, have contributed to disprove this, the belief seems to have gotten us no further than did the exquisite poems of Father Ryan, Paul Hamilton Hayne, Henry Timrod, Sydney Lanier and a host of others.

This collection of data concerning Sidney Lanier, together with illustrations from numbers of his poems, was delivered at Wesleyan College Chapel, Macon, Georgia, on the anniversary of Lanier's birth. It is the result of the author's loving devotion of mind and soul to the study of Lanier's life and works, and is published in the hope of spreading not only knowledge of his work, but of the example of his catholic spirit and the beauty of the Christianity he typified.

On the appended program, of which the address was a part, the poetic selections were chosen with a view to illustrating the variety of subjects and versatility of style exemplified by Lanier. From this program some of the best known poems are omitted because of extensive quotations therefrom included in the address.

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MRS. SIDNEY LANIER
and
PROF. GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE
of The Sevanee Review



Sidney Lanier

Musician, Poet, Soldier

IN a little gabled cottage on High street, Macon, Ga., was born, February 3, 1842, a genius, whose life was not to be long in the land, but whose message was to be uttered in music and poetry, one "careless if life or art were long," "whose song was only living aloud, his work a-singing with his hand."

It must have been to Sidney Lanier a great joy to look over his family tree and find thereon, Musicians, Poets and Soldiers, for in each of these spheres he dwelt upon the highest round. In each he brought to bear the noblest standards, in none did he stoop to a plane beneath the best, seeking always to raise, to purify.

As a beautiful young girl cannot help know-

ing that she is beautiful, so true genius must realize its power and what is done with its gifts makes of those talents a blessing or a curse.

Lanier graduated from Oglethorpe College at Midway, Ga., at the age of eighteen, sharing first honor with the late Robert Bayne.

He clerked for a year at the Macon Post-office; was tutor for a time at his Alma Mater, until he entered the Confederate Army. In April 1861 he left for the front on the day that Virginia seceded from the Union, with the Macon Volunteers, Second Georgia Battalion, the first military organization from any other Southern state to go to the defense of the South in Virginia.

Although thrice offered promotion, he refused each time, because acceptance would have meant separation from his brother Clifford. He was in the Battle of Seven Pines,

Drury's Bluff, in the seven days fighting around Richmond, that culminated in the fierce struggle at Malvern Hill.

He served at Petersburg, in the Signal Service Corps.

Endeavoring to run a blockade he was captured, and during the term of his imprisonment at Point Lookout, consumption made rapid inroads upon an already impaired constitution.

In February, '65 he was released from prison, and started for Georgia on foot, having only a twenty-dollar gold piece and his inseparable companion and solace, his magic flute.

According to his fellows, Lanier loved the free life in the saddle under the stars, the joys of companionship by the camp fire, was a soldier "sans peur et sans reproche".

Yet despite his high patriotism, courage, and devotion to duty—his soul abhorred

"grim-visaged war" and all the hideousness that follows in its wake.

His "Tiger-Lilies," written in 1867, pictures "The War between the States as a strange, enormous terrible flower, which the early spring of 1861 brought to bloom besides innumerable violets and jessamines."

Of Lanier's struggle for health enough to live his life nobly and sing his song, I will not speak, except to say, no genius ever fought a braver fight against greater odds, and, had it not been for timely pecuniary aid from his brother Clifford, he must have gone out of life without leaving to the world much of the precious legacy his works have proven to be. In 1873 he established himself in Baltimore, where he quickly made a name for himself in the musical and literary world of that city, justly famed for its opportunities in these two lines of intellectual development.

The Musician

A Scientist about to perform an experi-

ment in his laboratory, was stopped by the friend for whom the demonstration was being made, with the inquiry "First tell me what I am to look for".

In the Retort of Evidence, the active precipitant which I shall use in my demonstration will be quotations from Lanier himself and the precipitate will prove that our poet Lanier was primarily a musician, although in his poems, the two sides of his genius were so happily blended that the written word is but spoken music.

In an essay of his on Bacon and Beethoven, representing the two spheres of language and music he says: "Let us abandon the idea that music is language and substitute the converse idea that language is music."

Writing May 26th to a brother poet he says of himself; "I do not know that I've ever told you, that whatever turn I may have for art is purely musical; poetry being a mere tangent, into which I sometimes shoot. I

could play passably well on several instruments, before I could write legibly; and since then the deepest of my life has been filled with music, which I have studied and cultivated far more than poetry."

Speaking of going from the court-house to the footlights, of suddenly blossoming into first flutist of the Peabody Orchestra in Baltimore, from out the drab duties of an unwilling lawyer in the little Georgia town of his birth, he says, "I was a raw player and provincial withal, without practice and guiltless of instruction, having never had a teacher. To go, under these circumstances, among old professional musicians and assume a leading part, in a large orchestra, which was organized to play the most difficult works of the old masters—was (now that it is all over with) a piece of temerity never before equalled—but difficulties melted away, before the fire of a passion for music, which grows ever stronger within my heart—and the re-

sults were more gratifying than it is becoming in me to specify."

Of how the spirit of Music sweeps her devotees into worlds, ordinary mortals can not enter, he writes, "All day long my soul has been cutting through the great space of the vast unspeakable deep, drawn by wind after wind of melody,—The very inner spirit and essence of wind songs, sex songs, soul songs, bird songs, passion songs, folk songs, country songs, and body songs that hath blown me in quick gusts like the breath of passions and sailed me into a vast sea of dreams, whereof each wave is at once a vision and a melody."

Concerning the presentation of "The Tempest" he witnessed in New York in April, 1869, he writes: "The Violin Solo adagio with soft accompaniment by the orchestra, gave forth its tender notes like flower-buds, expanding into flowers under the sweet rain of the accompaniment; kind Heaven! My head fell on the seat in front of me, I was

utterly weighed down with great loves and and ideas and divine in-flowings and devout out-flowings, and as each note grew and opened and budded and died into a fresh birth in the next bud note, I also lived these flower-tone lives and grew and expanded and folded back and died and was born again and partook of the unfathomable mysteries of flowers and tones”.

It is comforting to lesser lights to know that even Lanier had his musical difficulties, to read; “My greatest trouble is to keep in tune with the oboe: the tone of that instrument is so strange, so strident, and so indecisive, when one is close to the player (he sitteth immediately behind me) that I have infinite difficulty in accommodating my pitch to his, but I believe now I have discovered all the quips and quirks of the oboeist and to-night we were in lovely harmony with each other, and now my flute fits upon the oboe, like the down upon a peach.”

And again "As to my organ playing, you would be woefully disappointed. It is all so new, the fingering and pedal-playing, the bass notes and stops, and I have so little time for practice, but I know that you would like some of the little melodies which I improvise sometimes before service." * * * *

"At church the other day, half the service was in music and if the man at the organ had been at all a preacher in his soul, he would have dealt out the far heavenlier portion of the doctrine.

"For as Christ gathered up the Ten Commandments and redistilled them into the clear, liquid of the eleventh—'Love God utterly and thy neighbor as thyself'—so, I think the time will come when music, rightly developed to its now little foreseen grandeur, will be found to be a later revelation of all the gospels in one."

Of his best loved instrument, he says: "My flute begins to grow lithe under my fin-

gers, to get warmed to life under my kiss like Pygmalion's stone, and to respond to my call with perfect enthusiasm. It is like a soul made into silver. How can the people but respond when I have its inner self speaking by my lips."

Of a flute duet with organ accompaniment at St. Paul's Church, he says, "As the two spirituelle silver tones went stealing and swelling through the great groined arches of the enormous church, I thought I had never heard flutes so worthily employed."

Inspiration vs. Habit

What a delightful side of Lanier is pictured in the following: "The long flute will succeed in time—old Badger has been making flutes for forty years, and when any luckless wight maketh suggestion thereanent, he smileth a battered and annihilating smile, seeming to say, 'Pooh, I exhausted that a half a century ago.' * * * *

"Now this satyr fought me at every stage and up every step of my long flute. He declared in the very beginning that it was impossible: that a tube so long could not be filled by the human breath, that a column of air so long could not be made to vibrate, etc.; and that he had long ago tried it thoroughly, and satisfied himself that it was physically non-achievable.

"This last, of course; somewhat staggered me yet I worked at him, until I got him to draw out a long tube, upon which in a few minutes I showed him that the G was not only possible but a beautiful note—next he entrenched himself behind the C-key, averring that a key could not be constructed which would make C and at the same time hold down the four keys of the right hand—from breastwork to breastwork hath he been driven, in three days more I expect him to surrender at discretion."

Thus does our Lanier illustrate the charming perseverance of inspiration against habit.

Some Symphonies

Ah, the exquisiteness of these comments on certain musical events!

"In presenting a Mozart symphony there comes a long andante in six-eight time which seems to be a succession of sweetest confidences, whispered between the first flute and the first violin, as if they were two young girls just commencing a friendship."

Of the third movement in the symphony by Svendsen; "It is a long and intricate Scherzo, of indescribable lightness and beauty and is throughout a solo for the first flute, supported by a multitudinous accompaniment of the reeds and strings. The instant we finished the audience furiously demanded an encore, the Director smiled his congratulations over upon me and we plunged into it

again, like a flock of butterflies drunk with sunshine swooping upon a flower bed."

How lovingly and tenderly speaks again the poet-musician: "I can never tell how beautiful was that flute-quartette, playing at sight that terribly difficult part of Walckier's: such long drawn chords with sweet thoughts in them, like flowers hid in green leaves."

How interesting to read, "I have had many compliments on my rendition of a flute solo in a beautiful pastoral scene from William Tell. I do not think much of it—for 'tis not the sort of playing I like most for the flute, as it is more admired for its difficulty than for its beauty—"

This is an evidence of sanity one would hardly have dared hope for on musical subjects from so great a genius.

Composing

What joy he had in evoking new melodies!

"I have just composed a thing I call 'Longing'—I have not played it for anyone. I suspect the people in the house think I am stark mad, in the twilight, when I send this strenuous sight out on the air.

"Suppose a tube-rose should just breathe itself out in perfume and disappear utterly in a sweet breath—thus my heart in this melody."

Again: "I have writ the most beautiful piece 'Field-larks and Blackbirds' wherein I do so mirror Mr. Field-larks pretty eloquence that methinks he will not know the difference between his own voice and the flute."

The Horn

"Ah, those noble horn tones! So pure, so full of confident repose, striking forth the melody in the midst of the thousand-fold complications, like a calm manhood asserting itself through a multitude of distractions and discouragements and miseries of life. Hadst

thou been there, then how fair and how happy had been my day!"

That even Lanier's prose is but spoken music will be the thought following his comment on Gade's Symphony. "It is lovely—not with passionate loveliness that bringeth pain, but with the dainty and child-like, yet strong loveliness of a mountain all covered with flowers and many colored rocks, and green leaves and sparkling springs."

And concerning the singing of Madame Nilsson: "She singeth as thou and I love. She openeth her sweet mouth and turneth her head on one side like a mocking-bird in the moonlight and straightway come forth the purest silver tones that mortal voice ever made. Her pianissimo was like a dawn which presently crescendoed into a glorious noon of tone, and then died away into the quiet gray twilight of a clear melodious whisper. She sang nothing mean nor light, nor merely taking."

“On Music’s heart doth Nilsson dwell,
As if a Swedish snowflake fell
Into a glowing flower bell.”

Concerning two other singers on the same program, he says, “Brignoli was too fat and Verger was too thin, which also expresseth their singing.”

The Catholic Man

Although as near without sin as is possible for human, Lanier was full of compassion for the erring and wrote concerning one of life’s unfortunates, who possessed great musical ability: “She is right to cultivate music—It is the only reality left to her and many another like her. It will revolutionize the world and that not long hence.

“Let her study it intensely, give herself to it utterly, enter the very innermost temple and sanctuary of it. The Altar steps are wide enough for all the world and music inquires not if the worshipper be vestal or

stained, nor looks to see what dust of other shrines are upon the knees that bend before her. Music is utterly unconscious of aught but love, which pardons all things and receives all natures into her bosom."

Thus does Lanier illustrate his doctrine "the breadth and span of the Catholic man, who hath mightily won God out of knowledge, good out of infinite pain, joy out of sorrow and purity out of stain."

THEODORE THOMAS

Now, let us go with Lanier to a concert of Theodore Thomas' Orchestra in Central Garden. "I could not resist the temptation to go and bathe in the sweet amber seas of the Music. So I went and tugged me through a vast crowd and after standing some time, found me a seat. The baton waved and I plunged me into a sea of melody wherein I lay and floated. Ah! How the dear oboes and flutes and horns drifted me hither and

thither, the great violins and small violins swayed me upon waves and overflowed me with strong lavations, and sprinkled glistening foam upon my face, and in among the clarionets as among waving water-lilies with flexile stems, I pushed my easy way, and so e'en lying in the music waters, I floated and flowed, my soul utterly bent and prostrate."

"To see Thomas lead—is music itself! His baton is alive, full of grace, of symmetry; he maketh no gestures, he readeth without looking at the score, he seeth everybody, heareth everything, warneth every man, encourageth every instrument, quietly, firmly, marvelously. Not the slightest shade of nonsense, not the faintest spark of affectation, not the minutest grain of effect is in him. He taketh the orchestra in his hand and writeth with it as with a pen."

The Promised Precipitate.

To Paul Hamilton Hayne, once again, La-

nier writes: "My greatest inspirer, the chief mistress of my soul, is artistic reverence and affection for music."

And now you who love Lanier, you who love and recognize the twinship of Music and Poetry, I hold up to view again my Retort of Evidence. Do you not see therein, by the precipitant used—Lanier's own words—the promised precipitate, that Lanier, the Poet, was, primarily, Lanier the Musician?

As a link between the two great Harps of Life he touched with master-hand, let us glance sketchily at the wonderful poem of which he says: "It took hold of me like a real ague and I was in a mortal shake day and night until I had writ down 'The Symphony'. Therein, I personify each instrument of the orchestra and make them discuss deep social questions of the times."

"O Trade! O Trade! would thou wert dead!

The Time needs heart, 'tis tired of head.
We're all for love,' the violins said.

* * * *

And presently,
A velvet flute-note fell down pleasantly
Upon the bosom of that harmony,

* * * *

As if a petal from a wild-rose blown
Had fluttered down upon that pool of
tone.

* * * *

From the warm concave of that fluted note
Somewhat, half song, half odor, forth did
float

As if a rose might somehow be a throat.

* * * *

Yea, Nature, singing sweet and lone,
Breathes through life's strident polyphone
The flute-voice in the world of tone.

Sweet friends,
Man's love ascends
To finer, and diviner ends

Than man's mere thought e'er comprehends

For I, e'en I,
As here I lie,
A petal on a harmony,
Demand of Science whence and why
Man's tender pain, man's inward cry,
When he doth gaze on earth and sky?

* * * *

Then from the gentle stir and fret
Sings out the melting clarionet,
Like as a lady sings while yet
Her eyes with salty tears are wet.

* * * *

There thrust the bold straightforward
horn

To battle for that lady lorn,
With heartsome voice of mellow scorn
Like any knight in knighthood's morn.

And then the hautboy played and smiled,
And sang like any large-eyed child,
Cool-hearted and all undefiled.

* * * *

Then o'er sea-lashings of commingling
tunes

The ancient, wise bassoons,
Like weird
Gray beard
Old harpers sitting on high sea-dunes
Chanted runes:"

And as from the ark, the dove sought the
olive-branch, so,

"O'er the modern waste a dove hath
whirred;

Music is love, in search of a word."

* * * *

At a time when life was all uphill in the
South—when to the stoutest, as Lanier says
of himself at the close of the war: "Pretty
much all of life had been simply not dying,"

he never lost sight of his guiding star, the beckoning vision of his genius never grew dim.

Akin to Shakespeare

Although the style of his writing may at times seem stilted, or too ornate, be it remembered that this is the natural blossoming of a musical poetical temperament, cultivated to the *n*th degree. The old English savor of his language is due to intimate study of Chaucer and Spenser as well as time-hidden sonnets of English and Scotch origin. Old tales of Chivalry, when Knighthood was in flower were literary joys to him.

He loved and fathomed Shakespeare as only a kindred spirit may do.

He could not bring himself to express himself in commonplace vernacular. His mind was always "*tout endimanche*"—all dressed up in its Sunday clothes, and it had somewhere to go, too. For example, he wrote his wife in 1870, concerning his dual work in

music and poetry: "From my snow and sunshine a thousand vital elements rill through my soul."

When his brother poet wrote him that he, Hayne,¹ "felt like a sick terrapin floating down a muddy stream," Lanier replied: "I would substitute a soul sweeping down a stream, banked with marvels, whose duty it is to keep all eyes open and report in poems from time to time."

Fellow Artists

If, mayhap, you give ear to the casual reader, who asserts that Lanier is too lofty, too mystic, too high-brow—forget not your brief for him.

No other poet, has shown such intimacy with nature's songsters, his fellow-artists, who learned their lesson at the feet of God.

There are poems to "The Mocking Bird," "The Dove," "The Owl," "The Robin."

He sings of fixity of intent, as "The great bird Purpose," of the "grim-beaked Pelican's level file across the sunset to the seaward isle, on solemn wings that wave but seldom while." Of the marsh-hen, who "secretly builds on the watery sod." Thus will I "build me a nest on the greatness of God: I will fly in the greatness of God, as the marsh-hen flies in the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the earth and the skies."

Perhaps, you may not by these convince the critic that Lanier trod the earth sometimes, even as you and I. Mr. Critic may still be in the class with the country darky listening to the sermon of the colored preacher from town. After listening to sonorous words and fine phrases for a long time, trying to catch one word he had heard before, the country negro suddenly burst out with "Praise de Lawd! Praise de Lawd!" "Why," asked the city preacher, "do you praise the Lord at this minute, Brother?" "I praises

de Lawd, I bless de Lawd for dat good word
'Mesopotamia'."

That your carper may praise the Lord
for Lanier, give him at once "The Mocking
Bird."

It is expressed in simplest English and is
a most effective example of the power of
poetry as an instrument for conveying facts.

"Superb and sole upon a plumed spray,
That o'er the general leafage grew,
He summed the woods in song; or typic
drew

The watch of hungry hawks, the lone
dismay
Of languid doves when long their lovers
stray,
And all birds passion plays, that sprinkle
dew at morn on brake or bosky avenue.
Whate'er birds did or dreamed this bird
could say.

Then down he shot, bounced airily along

The sword, twitched in a grasshopper,
Made song midflight, perched, prinked,
and to his art again.

Sweet Science, this large riddle read me
plain:

How may the death of that dull insect be,
the life of yon trim Shakspeare on the
tree?"

The Seer

How deeply prophetic was his perception of the defects in German music and the attitude of the German mind toward religious and social questions will be far better appreciated and more heartily approved by us to-day than if we had read the following from Lanier's pen in the early seventies:

"Dash these fellows! They are utterly given over to heathenism, prejudice and beer;—they ought to be annihilated;—if they do gain control of the age, life will be a mere barbaric grab at whatever of sensual good there is in the world."

German Music

Of the noted German Musician, Schumann: "I mean his sympathies were not big enough, he did not go through the awful struggle of genius, and lash and storm and beat about until his soul was grown large enough to embrace the whole of life and the all of things; that is, large enough to appreciate (if even without understanding) the magnificent designs of God, and tall enough to stand in the awful cross waves of circumstances and look over their heights along the whole sea of God's manifold acts, and deep enough to admit the peace that passeth understanding. This is indeed the fault of all German culture, and the weakness of all German genius.

A great artist should have the sensibility and expressive genius of Schumann, the calm grandeur of Lee, and the human breadth of Shakspeare, all in one.

"However, Schumann soared far above his

fellow-Germans in the abominable pettiness of their prejudice toward all other musicians. And for all I have said, how his music does burn into my soul, how it doth stretch me upon the very rack of delight.

"No other musician fills me so full of heavenly anguish and if I had to give up all the writers of Music save one, that one would be Robert Schumann."

Another flash on the Teutonic soul: "Rhein-geld, Wagner's greatest work, is fine in conception, but there is something *not* in it, which everything that every German has ever done in Music or Poetry lacks—a deep sentiment in the heart of the author which would produce on his face a quiet smile all the time he is writing, a sort of consciousness, underlying all his enthusiasms, that God has charge,—that all the world is in his hand; that any bitterness is therefore mean and unworthy a poet. This was David's frame of mind. No German has yet ap-

proached it, except perhaps, Richter. The great deeps, the wild heights, the passionate cities, the happy vales, the dear secret springs, the broad and swelling rivers, the manifold exquisite flowers, the changeful seasons, the starry skies, the past, the present, the future—the world of Music; into these the German has not entered, into these he will never enter.”

The Crime Paramount

Smugly we sit and sneer at the wickedness of the Boche, pharisaically we draw our robes of self-satisfaction about us while we pursue a “holier than thou” policy toward the German nation—but I say to this audience of intelligent, patriotic and I believe sympathetic people, there is a crime upon our souls that can not be imputed to the German. Illiteracy is a crime unknown in Germany. No child of school age is exempt from study, and no citizen of that country, rich or poor, is launched upon the world without having

had some vocational training. And the worst of it is, we wear the cloak of this sin as lightly as though it were a virtue that we loved.

Illiteracy in a community is a crime for which every well-to-do citizen is responsible. It is a condition which breeds wickedness, as a cess-pool breeds disease.

Lack of education is the darkest cloud that lowers about a house.

Poets

Culture is a privilege to which all are entitled. To this end, let us cultivate the pleasures of the imagination, which can not be better done than by reading poetry, the blossom and fragrance of all human thought, knowledge and language. Poetry of the best type from the finest minds, not such as is manufactured by poets made from the following receipt: "To make a poet, take liberally of shimmering sunshine, strain through a rhyming dictionary, add equal parts of

love-sick adjectives and archaic adverbs, and such other words as you may never have heard of. Set in a warm place and garnish with long hair and a hungry look."

To become wisely visionary, to carry the freshness and feelings of childhood into maturer reason, has been called the poetical process of spiritual growth. Such is the function of true poetry, and thus does the poet elevate and bring into light and life the great and the good that lie within us, creating within us a demand for the best prose writers also.

Longfellow and Lanier

If we study the career of Longfellow by his writings, from his earliest poem to his loftiest reach, we may best sense the upward, broadening power and influence accorded to him who makes the most of the gifts of God. Longfellow's first poem was written in obedience to his schoolmaster's command.

"Henry, take your slate and go out behind

the schoolhouse and there you will find something to write about. You can tell what it is and what is to be done with it and what it is to be used for, and that will be a composition." Forth he went and behind Mr. Finney's barn he found a fine turnip. He thought he knew what it was and what it was for and what would be done with it. In half an hour little Henry returned and handed his teacher this classic:

- 1 "Mr. Finney had a turnip
And it grew behind the barn
And it grew and it grew and the turnip
did no harm.
- 2 And it grew and it grew
'Til it could grow no taller
Then Mr. Finney took it up and put it
in his cellar.

- 3 There it lay, there it lay
 Til it began to rot
 Then his daughter Susie washed it and
 put it in the pot.
- 4 Then she boiled it and she boiled it
 As long as she was able
 Then his daughter Lizzie took it and put
 it on the table.
- 5 Mr. Finney and his wife
 Both sat down to eat
 And they ate and they ate until they ate
 the turnip up."

These childish verses were the first fruits of that genius whose later poems have been more generally translated than those of any other English-speaking poet, and whose maturer thoughts portrayed in *Evangline*, wo-

man's devotion; in sweetest music, told the story of Hiawatha; with utmost pathos, described the death-bed scene of Minnehaha; with a rare touch of humor related the Courtship of Miles Standish and taught the noble lesson:

“Life is real, life is earnest
And the grave is not the goal.
Dust thou art, to dust returnest
Was not spoken of the soul.”

Yet in his supremest moments, Longfellow's poetry, compared with Lanier's, is as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine, as different as topical songs from grand opera.

We love Longfellow, because he is more nearly on our own level. We love Lanier because the soul in its highest moments, instinctively turns to that which is finer and nobler than itself.

Variety

For variety of subjects treated and versatility of style, Lanier holds high record.

If real humor be wanted, a fine example may be found in "The Florida Ghost" and "Thar's more in the Man than thar is in the Land,"—a combination of humor and practical sense, as is "Nine from Eight," "Jones' Private Argument," and others.

Deep, sweet, comforting Christianity may be drawn from "The Crystal," "How Love Looked for Hell," "Resurrection," "The Ballad of Trees and the Master," which last is as a glimpse into the garden of Gethsemane, is as the passing of the Holy Grail.

Vivid and dramatic, bringing a breeze from the border land of old Scotland is "The Revenge of Hamish."

Lanier's nature poems are masterpieces of scientific accuracy and poetic application to the joys and sorrows of life.

From "The Marshes of Glynn," which Hayne says, shows particularly the effect of his musical genius upon the spirit and technique of his verse, two lines will prove the truth of the comment; two lines that describe a shaft of moonlight through the gloom of the wild oaks, that border the marsh:

"And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth seem

Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream."

And there are "Corn" and "Sunrise." "Clover" and "The Song of the Chattahoochee," a noble song of the supreme call of duty over and above the pleasures of life;

"From the Flats," and all the bird songs, with many expressions of love and friendship, variously dedicated.

Patriotism, that means love of home and state and section and country finds noblest

expression in his "Stonewall Jackson," "The Jacquerie," "The Psalm of the West," "The Cantata."

The last named is a meditation of Columbia, typifying the United States and was written in celebration of the Centennial of our Independence. Its closing lines are an appeal for "Americanization," that voices the highest type of citizenship and the noblest sentiment of the true lover of his country:

 "Long as thine art shall love true love,
 Long as thy science truth shall know,
 Long as thine eagle harms no dove,
 Long as thy law by law shall grow,
 Long as thy God is God above,
 Thy brother every man below,
 So long, dear land of all my love,
 Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall
 glow."

Chiselled upon the living rock above the

life-giving waters at Carlsbad appears the following:

"The waters of this spring are the purest in the world except those of the waters of Tuft Spring, Macon, Georgia, U. S. A."

When Georgians go from home and hear praised and valued above all other poets of America, aye, by learned English men of letters classed even with Shakespeare, our own Lanier, let us stand erect, flashing from eye intimate knowledge of his life, his poetry, his music, his prose. And more than that, let us endeavor to measure up to this spiritual Apollo in a determination that the world shall be better because we have passed this way.

And as the purest water source is found in the heart of our state, let her mental and moral output be the purest, that we may be worthy fellow-citizens of Sidney Lanier.


—*Sidney Lanier, a musician, whose genius matched his superb soul, a poet, whose diamond-tipped pen raced with death and won out for all time—a Christian in word and deed, a soldier without fear and without reproach.*



Sidney Lanier

BORN
MACON, GEORGIA
FEBRUARY 3, 1842

DIED
LYNN, NORTH CAROLINA
SEPTEMBER 7, 1881



PROGRAMME

February Third, 1922

Master of Ceremonies.....Mr. Robert Lanier Anderson
Reading—"Jones' Argymet".....Sidney Lanier
BASIL WISE HALL

a An Evening Song.....Sidney Lanier
Music by Dudley Buck

b My Life is Like a Summer Rose*.....Music, Sidney Lanier
Words by Richard Wilde
PROF. DAVID SODERQUIST
Accompanied by Prof. Joseph Maerz

Readings: a "Barnacles"
b "Baptis' in the Grass".....Sidney Lanier
MISS ANNA SMITH

Musical Adaptation and Accompaniment, Mrs. I. H. Adams

Introduction of Speaker.....Mr. Ellsworth Hall

An Address....."*Sidney Lanier, Musician, Poet, Soldier*"
MRS. WALTER DOUGLAS LAMAR

Song....."*The Ballad of the Trees and the Master*"
Words by Sidney Lanier. Music by Mrs. G. W. Chadwick.
MRS. ALFRED HILL
Accompanied by Mrs. I. H. Adams

Readings: a "*The Revenge of Hamish*"
b "*Own Your Own Home*".....Sidney Lanier
MRS. RANDOLPH JAQUES

Violin Solos—

a One Movement from Sonata for Violin and Piano.

b TraumereiRobert Schumann†
MRS. MAERZ

Accompanied by Prof. Maerz

* Loaned by Mrs. Ellen Washington Bellamy.

† Owing to the fact that most of the available Lanier musical compositions are for the flute and also to the fact that flute obligatos do not readily lend themselves to adaptation for other instruments the closing numbers rendered by Prof. and Mrs. Maerz, are selected from Schumann, Lanier's favorite composer.

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